HYMN XXXIII.

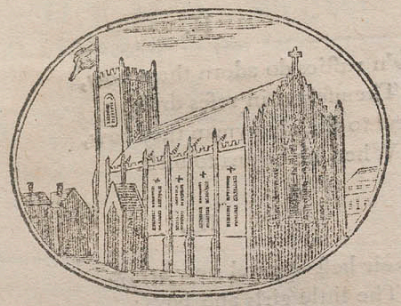
For SATURDAY.

I.

NOW's the time for mirth and play,
Saturday's an holiday;
Praiſe to heav'n unceaſing yield,
I've found a lark's neſt in the field.

II.

A lark's neſt, then your play-mate begs
You'd ſpare herſelf and ſpeckled eggs;
Soon ſhe ſhall aſcend and ſing
Your praiſes to th' eternal King.



HYMN XXXIV.

For SUNDAY.

I.

ARISE — ariſe — the Lord aroſe
On this triumphant day;
Your ſouls to piety diſpoſe,
Ariſe to bleſs and pray.